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Choice Poetry.

TO MY DREAM-CHILD.

"All is nothing—and less than nothing! The children of Alice call Bartrum father."
Charles Lamb's "Dream-Children."

Little one! I lie i' the dark
With thy sweet lips pressed to mine;
My hot, restless pulses meeting
Thy still heart's slow, quiet beating,
In a calm divine.

On my breast thy bright hair floats;
Well its memoried hue I know!
And thine eyes if thou wert raising,
They would answer to my gazing
Looks of long ago.

Ivory hand, that on my cheek
Falls with touch as dove's wing soft,
I can feel its curves, resembling
One that, like a young bird trembling,
Lay in mine so oft.

Thou wilt spring up at my feet,
Flower-like—beautiful and mild;
Gossips, too, on me bestowing
Flattery sweet, will say, "Thou'rt growing
Like thy father, child."

No! I would not have my face
Imaged, blessed one! in thine;
I, who crushed out all my being
In one love, and poured—clear-seeing—
My heart's blood like wine.

I have given thee a name,
What name—none shall ever know;
When I say it, there comes thronging
A whole life-time's aim and longing,
And a life-time's wo.

Ah, that word!—I wake—I wake—
And the light breaks cold and bare;
Bright one—never born, yet dying
To my love—without replying,
Dream-child, melt to air!

Lips, no wife shall ever kiss,
Arms, no child shall ever fill,
Lift I up to Heaven, beseeching
Him who sent this bitter teaching;
Be it as He will;

Not as man sees, seeth God;
Not as man loves, loveth He,
When the drop-stained lips are failing,
When the tear-spent eyes are veiling,
Dawns eternity.

Original Novelet.

SHANNONDALE; OR, THE NUN OF MOUNT CARMEL. (CONTINUED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, AUTHOR OF "THE DESERTED WIFE," "RETRIBUTION," &c.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, by Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER III.

IMOGENE SUMMERFIELD.

She was a Catholic, too, sincere, austere,
As far as her own gentle heart allowed,
And deemed that fallen worship far more dear
Because 'twas fallen,—her sires were proud
Of deeds and days when they had filled the ear
Of nations, and had never bent or bowed
To novel power; and as she was the last,
She held their old faith and old feelings fast.
Byron.

Early the next morning the guests assembled at Shannondale, met in the piazza—that right hand front piazza that commanded the slope of the grove-shaded hill as it rolled to the river, of the rushing circular sweep of the river, and of the surrounding towering mountains. Right across the river, opposite to them, was the Lover's Leap—a bold perpendicular rock, with a wild Indian legend connected with it.

"Who knows the story?" inquired Sina Hinton.

"Every one knows it, but no one tells it but Father Burleigh, and he never tells it in any other place but the summit of the rock," replied Col. Lee Dangerfield.

Sina Hinton sauntered, swayed and undulated up to the side of Father Burleigh, and said in her mellifluous, coaxing tones—

"Oh! Father Burleigh, will you not form a party over to Lover's Leap to-day and tell the story? I do so love those wild legends—and I should so delight to get a view of this vale from that prominence."

[illegible]

... to herself—Sina Hinton always spoke truth when she spoke to herself, and seldom at any other time; "and Harriette Joy is as much the niece of the priest as I am the nephew of my mother! I have your secret, Father Burleigh, and that is another favorable point in my destiny—so much for keeping my eyes open."

Overflowing with exuberant life, Harry Joy had whirligigged out of the piazza, and Col. Lee Dangerfield was about to follow, when the sound of carriage wheels were heard below, and soon the travelling chariot of Mrs. Summerfield rolled slowly up the hill, approached and paused before the portico. The gentlemen present sprung down the steps to meet and assist the ladies from the carriage! Mrs. Summerfield came first—a tall, dark complexioned, and dignified woman, in the prime of life, and in the rich maturity of matronly beauty. She alighted and stepped forward with a Queen-like air of blended majesty and graciousness.

"What a magnificent woman is Mrs. Summerfield!—a step like a reindeer's, a neck like a swan's, an eye like an eagle's, a mien like a monarch's! Heavens!—if I had a form and face like that, I could do what I pleased with it!—but Imogene—Miss Summerfield—the heiress!—let's see what she is like!" commented Sina Hinton, as she watched the carriage door.

Miss Summerfield alighted, and passed quickly through the hall, and entered the house—her figure muffled in a large black silk shawl; her face hidden by a black lace veil.

"She is either ugly or very beautiful. She is either ashamed of her face, or she saves it for a dazzling effect in full dress,—now, which is it? They say she was beautiful when she left home for school—but girls change so much as they grow up, the ugly frequently growing handsome—the beautiful as often becoming plain. Woe for her if she has not beauty enough to counter-charm the spell woven around the heart of her betrothed! This is a nice set of cross purposes as ever I saw! Col. Lee Dangerfield betrothed to Miss Summerfield, and in love with Harry—whom he would never marry!—Harry passionately in love with him—Winny Darling loving unconsciously, pensive Edgar Ardenne—Ardenne enamored of her! Satan has some use for me here, I trow!—and it is a pity if I do not make something of this medley."

All the guests were waiting impatiently for the breakfast-bell to ring, when they should meet at table the heiress of Red-Stone Hall, in whose honor they were assembled. The music their ears so thirsted for, at last sounded on the air, and each gentleman selecting a lady, the company marched into the breakfast-room. At the head of the table appeared Mrs. Summerfield, who had changed her dress, but nowhere visible was the heiress. Mrs. Summerfield gracefully invited her guests to be seated, and apologized for the non-appearance of Miss Summerfield that morning, by saying that her daughter was greatly fatigued. She also explained the cause of their not arriving the evening before, by remarking that Miss Summerfield had been too much exhausted by the first two stages of their journey, to be able to pursue it further than Harper's Ferry, where they had rested the preceding evening; and bowing gracefully, she sat down.

"We hope, madam, that Miss Summerfield will be sufficiently restored to join us at dinner," remarked Col. Lee Dangerfield.

"Miss Summerfield cannot have the pleasure of meeting her friends until the evening," replied the lady. And then the morning meal commenced.

It was a breakfast set out with magnificence—gold and silver plate, and Sevres China flashing in the light; and all the superabundant luxuries of the spot and season abounding. The finest milk, cream, butter, and eggs, for the dairy and poultry-yards of Shannondale were unrivalled—fresh fish from the Shenandoah, game from the forest, and wild fowl from the air, &c., &c., &c.

After breakfast the party formed for Lover's Leap. The horses were brought to the door. The party mounted, and cantered off down the hill to the river—a ferry boat took them across—and they began to ascend the opposite mountain by a circuitous back path.

Sina Hinton, contrary to her usual custom, kept near Miss Darling. "What a venerable looking man is Father Burleigh, my love," she said to Winny, "with his silver hair, and reverend countenance, he reminds me what St. Paul might have been in his old age."

"Yes! dear Father Burleigh! but I am so sorry that he is so infirm! What a pity it is that people we love should grow old and become infirm."

"Ah, but he approaches a better and a happier world," replied Miss Hinton, in the usual stereotyped words.

"Yes, but we don't want any better or happier world than this. If the Lord would please to let us, I should like to live a hundred million of centuries, on this very earth, with all my dear friends around me, and would never, never, never want to see Heaven!"

[illegible]

... chalk white, starting upon his feet and trembling with rage—"who dares to dispute the heart of my daughter, with me? Winny! I would not give her to a crowned King! Reply to me, girl! tell me instantly, on your life! Who is this lover of my daughter—that I may—"

"Oh, sir! oh, sir!" exclaimed the cowardly traitoress, paling with alarm.

"Speak, I say!" thundered the Squire, his face crimson, his veins nearly bursting with fury, "speak, who is this lover, that I may kill him!"

"Oh, sir!—I beg—I pray!—"

"Answer!" roared the Squire, grasping her shoulder, and shaking her violently.

"It—it—it is—Mr. Ardenne!" gasped Sina, in the last extremity of terror at the storm she had raised.

"Ardenne!" repeated the Squire, turning pale, and sinking into his seat, with a wandering air; "Ardenne!—I am losing my reason—that is the only fact of which I am conscious!"

Sina Hinton took this opportunity of slipping out of the room; she ran wildly up and down the galleries in search of Ardenne. Gliding swiftly, and darting her head hither and thither like a terrified adder. In truth she had not expected this typhoon of rage in the father; at most, she had calculated on his moderate displeasure, on his dismissal of Ardenne from the house, and upon that circumstance, with her own machinations, ending in the elopement of Winny—whose place she wished to fill in her father's home and heart. She had resolved, also, before revealing anything, to bind the simple-minded squire over to secrecy, as to her agency in the revelation, so that she should not forfeit the friendship of Ardenne and Winny, or lose her influence over *them*, for that was very important, was positively necessary to the success of her schemes. But now no promise of secrecy as to the informer had been obtained from the squire,—his blind rage precluded the possibility of the thing—and now all was lost, unless she could see Ardenne before the squire should meet him.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Selected Sketch.

THE LITTLE HERO OF HAARLEM.

FROM SHARPE'S MAGAZINE.

At an early period in the history of Holland, a boy was born in Haarlem, a town remarkable for its variety of fortune in war, but happily still more so for its manufactures and inventions in peace. His father was a *sluicer*,—that is, one whose employment it was to open and shut the sluices, or large oak gates which, placed at certain regular distances, close the entrance of the canals, and secure Holland from the danger to which it seems exposed, of finding itself under water, rather than above it. [illegible]

I CAN BEAR TO LIVE UNLOVED.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Yes, I can bear to live unloved,
If thou hast none to give;
Can walk life's sandy path alone,
If I am doom'd to live.
Palms have beat on desert plains,
When no green tree grew near—
Courage alone is strength and life,
As death is often fear.

I'll brave the world (if thy false heart
Pronounce the doom), alone,
Without a kindred heart to beat,
In answer to mine own;
Without a gentle hand to soothe
This forehead in its pain,
I'll battle till I conquer love,
And win my peace again!

But never will I bend my knee
At any idol shrine;
No smile is lovely to me now,
None ever was, but thine!
And I can bear to live unloved,
Since thou hast none to give;
Can walk life's sandy path alone,
If I am doom'd to live.
L.

ENGLISH SERVILITY.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

The position of a mere literary man in England, in any circle above that to which he is born, is that of a jackall. He is invited for what he contributes to the entertainment of the aristocratic lions and lionesses who feed him. He has neither power nor privilege in their sphere. He dare not introduce a friend except as another jackall, and it would be for very extraordinary reasons, that he would ever name at the tables where he is most intimate, his father or mother, wife, sister, or brother. The footman, who sometimes comes to him with a note or book, knows the difference between him and the other guests of his master, and by an unpunishable difference of manner, makes the distinction in his service. The *abandon* which they feel in his presence, *he* never feels in *theirs*; and we doubt whether Thomas Moore himself, the pet of the English aristocracy for forty years, ever forgot, in their company, that he was in the presence of his superiors, and an object of condescension.

Now, we have many people in this country, Americans born, who are monarchists, and who make no scruple in private conversation of wishing for a defined aristocracy, and other infrangible distinctions between the different classes of society. In the picture they draw, however, they themselves figure as the aristocrats; and we must take the liberty, for the moment, of putting them "below the salt," and setting forth a few of their annoyances. Take the best received American in London—yourself, for example, Mr. Reader! You have no fixed rank, and therefore, you have nothing to keep you down, and can rise to any position in the gift of your noble entertainer. As a foreigner, you circulate freely (as many well-introduced do) through all the *penetralia* of the West End. You are invited to dine, we will say, with his Grace the Duke of Devonshire. There are ten or twelve guests, all noble except yourself; and when you look around upon the five other gentlemen, it is possible that, without vanity, you come to the conclusion, that in dress, address, spirit and natural gifts, you are at least the equal of those around you. Dinner is late in being announced, and meantime, as you know all the ladies, and are particularly acquainted with the youngest and prettiest, you sit down by the latter, and promise yourself the pleasure of giving her an arm when the doors are thrown open, and sitting by her at dinner. The butler makes his appearance at last, and the lady willingly takes your arm—when in steps my Lord Flummery, who is a terrible "spoon," but undoubtedly "My Lord" takes the lady from you, and makes his way to the dinner-table. Your first thought is to follow and secure a place on the other side of her, but still another couple or two are to take precedence, and you are left at last to walk in alone, and take the seat that is left—perhaps between two men who have a lady on the other side. Pleasant—isn't it?

Again. You are strolling in Regent Street or the Park with an Englishman, whose acquaintance you made on your travels. He is a man of fortune, and as independent in his character as any man in England. On the Continent he struck you as particularly high-minded and free from prejudice. You are chatting with him very familiarly when a young nobleman, not remarkable for anything but his nobility, slips his arm into your friend's and joins the promenade. From that moment, your friend gives you about as much of his attention as he does to his walking stick, lets your questions go unanswered, let them be never so clever, and enjoys with the highest zest the most remote spoonyosities of my lord. You, perhaps, as a stranger, visit in my lord's circle of society, and your friend does not; but he would as soon think of picking my lord's pocket as of introducing you to him, and if you begin to think you are *Monsieur de Trop*, and say "good-morning," your friend, who never parted from you before without making an engagement to see you again, gives you a nod without turning his head from his lordship, and very drily echoes your "good-morning."

And this, we *repeat*, the most independent man in England will do, for he is brought up to fear God and honor a lord, and it is bred in his bone and brain.

We could give a thousand similar instances, but the reader can easily imagine them. The life of a commoner in England is one of inevitable and daily *eclipse* and mortification—nothing but the force of early habits and education making it tolerable to the Englishman himself, and nothing at all making it in any way endurable to a republican of any pride or spirit. You naturally say, "Why not associate with the middle classes, and let the aristocracy go to the devil?" but *individually* sending people to the devil is of no use, and the middle classes value yourself and each other only as your introduction to them is aristocratic, or as their friends are approvable by an aristocratic eye. There is no class free from this humiliating weakness—The notice of a lord will at any time take the wind out of your sails, when a lady is in the case; your tailor will leave you half measured to run to my lord's cab in the street; your doctor will neglect your fever for my lord's cold; your friend will breakfast with my lord though engaged particularly to you; and the out-goings and in-comings, the sayings and doings, the stupidities, impoliteness, manners, greetings and condescensions of lords and ladies, usurp the conversation in all places, and to the interruption or exclusion of the most grave or personal topics.

Understand us, we grudge no respect to dignities or authorities. Even to wealth, as power, we are willing to yield the wall. But we say again, that *a republican spirit must rebel against homage to any thing human with which it never can compete*, and in this lies the only distinction (we fervently hope) which will ever hedge in an American aristocracy. Let who will get to windward of us by superior sailing—the richer, the handsomer, the cleverer, the stronger, the more beloved and gifted—there was fair play at the start, and we will pay deference and duty with the promptest. But no lords and ladies, Mr. President, if you love us.

☞ A farmer should never be so immersed in political matters as to forget to sow his wheat, dig his potatoes, and bank up his cellar, nor should he be so attentive to them as to remain [illegible]

Original Lectures.

REV. DR. BAIRD'S
HISTORICAL LECTURES ON EUROPE.
GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

PHONOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED FOR THE NATIONAL INTELLIGENCER.

LECTURE XV.

We have as the subject of our lecture to-night, the condition of Great Britain and Ireland.

As to the early history of these countries, we know very little: what there is of it is just as it is in the case with France, Spain, and other countries of Western Europe. We know that when the Romans came in contact with them, they were already populous, to a considerable extent, as populous as uncivilized countries, very poorly cultivated, could be. As to the original inhabitants, however, we know very little; we are certain of one fact in regard to them, however, and that is that they were Celtic in their origin, for the most part—that is, the population of England, Scotland, Wales and Ireland. That fact is undoubtedly settled, and it has been ascertained by language; the inhabitants of the South part of Scotland were Celts, and those in the highlands were probably Celtic or Gaelic. Still, there were many people in Scotland who were of Scandinavian origin; the islands immediately North of it, and those on the West, also, were inhabited, as far as we can ascertain, by Scandinavians; there were most intimate relations between Scotland and Denmark and Norway, in a very general, and the Governments of those countries were frequently united by marriage. The connection between them, also, was considerable. Judging, therefore, from many points of resemblance, not from the fact that Scotland and Scandinavia are situated in the same parallel of latitude, and only a short distance apart, it is reasonable to suppose that many parts of Scotland were originally settled by people from Scandinavia. Races always emigrate within the same parallels of latitude as nearly as science was understood by the ancients. Italy by Greece, and France and Spain by the Romans. The same is the case in our own country, with respect to the emigrations from the West: you will find Iowa and Wisconsin a counterpart of Connecticut and the State of New York; the southern Pennsylvania, and Kentucky and Missouri are nearly the same as Virginia; and that in which West is a representation of the East, as regards general character. So it is all the way over; emigrations tend to go within the same parallels of latitude. I suppose that Europe was colonized by tribes from Asia, who went West—west in nearly a direct line, as a general thing. Continuing the journey, England, it has been said, have received their Celtic inhabitants from France and Spain, and from these Mediterranean nations, they reached the Western side of Ireland. The language of the Welsh, which has been retained in almost original purity from the earliest times, resembles that of the French Bretons so closely that the fact points to the same land of the origin of the former; and if it be now universally understood, that the Celtic race in the southern Pennsylvania, and Kentucky and Missouri are nearly the same as Virginia, that in which West is a representation of the East, as regards general character. So it is all the way over; emigrations tend to go within the same parallels of latitude. I suppose that Europe was colonized by tribes from Asia, who went West—west in nearly a direct line, as a general thing. Continuing the journey, England, it has been said, have received their Celtic inhabitants from France and Spain, and from these Mediterranean nations, they reached the Western side of Ireland. The language of the Welsh, which has been retained in almost original purity from the earliest times, resembles that of the French Bretons so closely that the fact points to the same land of the origin of the former; and if it be now universally understood, that the Celtic race in the

As another matter of interest in the early history of Great Britain, we suppose as a settlement, that the Carthaginians broke with the country after having passed through the Straits of Gibraltar, and probably, upon the Spanish and reached England before them.

After the Carthaginians, we come down to the time of Roman acquaintance with Great Britain and Ireland, and then the authentic history of these countries begins. The Roman races first came in contact with them from the circumstance that when the Romans were engaged in conquering Gaul, Gaul, that was assisted by the Britons—Cherusins, of the Roman land conquered—France, they crossed over to England in case the Britons for their interference in the contest. Julius Cæsar landed in the South-Eastern coast of England in the year 55 before Christ, and fought several battles with the Britons, penetrating into the country to some extent; he returned, however, and for nearly a hundred years, the Celtic remained unmolested. At the end of that time, the Romans sent out another expedition, and several successive ones, and they finally succeeded in the whole of England; they took possession of some parts of Ireland, too, but they did not conquer Scotland. With the Scots they found great difficulty, and no doubt formed treaties with them and the Picts, that they should not be molested; they, however, found it necessary to defend themselves against their incursions. These, however, were of little use, and when the Roman Empire began to decline, they were obliged to call off their troops from the Western parts of Europe in order to defend Italy and Rome against the German barbarians. Accordingly, they were obliged to abandon Great Britain to the first contest that they gave up; this happened in the latter part of the 4th century. The Romans had England, therefore, rather more than four hundred years. When they withdrew their forces, however, the people of Britain were so fearful that they found themselves unable to cope with the Picts and Scots, who ravaged their country, and they were obliged to call in the aid of the Saxons, in other words, the Germans from the Elbe. They came over in large numbers, and the Southern Heptarchy, and Heptarchy, which they established in England, and the Northern Heptarchy, which they established in Scotland. The Saxons, it is said, penetrated into the country, and took entire possession of it.

As to Wales, the Romans had not thought much of it as a conquest, because it was such a poor country, and there the original inhabitants remained: the Celtic tribes of England were driven by into the Welsh mountains, and there was still that fear concentration in this day. The reader thing important under the dominion of the Saxons: they did not penetrate into Wales, neither during their government, also, the Welsh remained unconquered.

After the conquest of England by the Saxons, they had seven kingdoms. There was a great deal of resistance from the Britons, and a great deal of difficulty among the kingdoms, but after the Saxon Heptarchy, as it was called, was united under King Egbert, in the ninth century. Among the Saxon Monarchs who succeeded him there were some men of celebrity, especially King Alfred the Great, who died about the year 900. It would be tedious to go into an account of all the Egberts, Edgars and Alfreds of the period, for they were not worth mentioning. England at that time was a very miserable country. The Danes invaded it, and during the eighth, ninth and tenth centuries, they gave the English a real deal of trouble: about the beginning of the eleventh century, they conquered England, to the greater part of it, and they gave her three Kings, namely:—Canute, Hardicanute and Sweyn. They reigns cover between them After that time, the Saxon line was restored in the person of Edward the Confessor. He died in 1066, just as one branch of the Normans began to trouble England. The latter people belonged to Normandy in France, and were themselves originally from Norway and Denmark: the Normans had been visited the coast of France in piratical expeditions, as mentioned in the lecture upon that country, and finally one or more of them conquered the province of Normandy. The man, whose name was Rollo, had the title of Duke, and founded there that race of Monarchs which became very powerful. William the Conqueror was a lineal descendant from Rollo, and upon the death of Edward the Confessor, he laid claim to the throne of England from Rollo, and dispatched, and he took a large army to England to enforce his rights, as he called them. The Saxons, under King Harold, made a stout resistance; the battle of Hastings, fought between the rival claimants on the 14th day of October, 1066, decided the matter in favor of William the Conqueror. Harold himself fell, and the Saxon army entirely defeated. Upon this event, William took possession of England, and kept it as a whose country among his many thousand troops. Thus ends the Feudal System of England, for the Feudal System of any country is the giving competently to the people of the Northern nations of Europe, and especially England, and afterwards became powerful Dukes, Counts and Barons, Kings, and especially England, and not get rid of that system, by any means. It has been gently was introduced even in France, Spain and Germany, but there it got a good deal to the ones in England; their Barons, although much reduced in comparison to what they have been, are still very powerful, and exert a vast influence upon the country and the Government. The principal loss has been their local to territorial ascendancy.

It is curious to see the early progress and effect of Christianity in England: it conquered the inhabitants as it did those of the Romans, and as I have already mentioned, spread extensively throughout the country. It had not penetrated into Scotland, however, and in Ireland, it prevailed only to a limited extent. When England was conquered by the Saxons, however, it flourished very and to achieve a second conquest, for those Saxons, from the circumstance that they were still Heathen, and worshippers of Odin and the spirits of Valhalla. Notwithstanding this Paganism, Christianity spread a great deal among the Saxons, but there was struggle with it much persecution at different times. Those in Northumbria invaded the North of England and Scotland; their principal deities was no doubt plunder, but another object with them was the spread of their religion. Their hostility to Christianity was always violent; everywhere they went, they first destroyed the Christian churches, and the next objects they destroyed were generally the Christian priests. They wished to annihilate Christianity, and they were very decided and energetic in their efforts to accomplish that object. The theology of the North-men was a very curious kind of Paganism; it was almost Mahommedanism, for they did not set a great deal, for if Mahommedanism promises its followers a sensual Paradise, for their trip to the Saxons, and they found that Christianity promises its followers a sensual Paradise, though of a somewhat different kind. It was a wonderful system to make men brave, and it had much ability and strength of argument. The history of the forms of Heathenism which Christianity had to encounter; yet Christianity conquered every one. It had made considerable deal of difficulty in getting the Government to set aside the King, who was the Heathen high priest, but embraced the Christianity of France, and by the aid of bought over a number of Odin from the British islands. It was a very great legacy to the country to be overrun three several times by savages, as they really were, with a destruction of religion at every such invasion, and yet the true faith of Christ brought, at over all—having gained three complete victories in England. At the end of time, however, it was much adulterated, and had lost a vast deal of its vitality; for Rome had adopted the principle of accommodation, and Christianity was wonderfully accommodated to many errors of the Northmen.

Upon the arrival and victory of William the Conqueror, he effected great changes in England—he divided up the country, and the new kingdom among his principal followers, as I said before, and to this day, you find in England many persons who are lineally descended from his great captains. I was once at the Guildhall, one of the city of York, and I went from it four or five miles to see the country seat to visit a friend with whom I had an acquaintance. During my stay, he told me that the house upon which he lived—a large and handsome castellated edifice—had come down to him through his family, from the time of William the Conqueror; he said, moreover, that he had documents in his possession which proved the fact, and which went back even beyond doubt. That family had existed, and could be traced in a direct line, for eight hundred years, but I do not recollect the name—that there were many other such cases in England. Such a case as I have just mentioned is certainly a very remarkable one.

William introduced many other changes into Britain, and so numerous were his soldiers and their families, who came over afterwards, that they literally overran Scotland, and made the whole British society; it affected the language to a great extent, and most of William's successors were fully gladly superseded the Saxon language entirely, and substituted in place of it the Norman French—in spite of their efforts, however, that change did not take place. Still, it was a much inferior tongue to the Saxon, and was rendered a double language, as effect somewhat from every current; it was therefore unfortunate to translate from English into French, finds himself obliged to arrange and construct, and, conversely, a person who renders French into English, is necessitated to expand. That is because the English tongue is more concise. You find the Gospel for all the wastes of monosyllables. The words are, where feasible, those of one syllable. Take the sixth rough Saxon ode:

And there was evening, and there was morning, one day.

Now mark the Norman French translation of the same:

Et fut le soir, et fut le matin, premier jour.

Here is a case in which the Saxon has seven words, and the French nine; the latter is composed of Saxon and Latin, or more directly of Saxon and Greek.

Now since the time of William of Normandy, England has had, I think, thirteen monarchs, or if you include William as well as Mary, in their joint reign, there have been thirty-seven. Among the Kings in which the line has undergone those monarchs, you will find that there have been seven or eight changes, or royal families. Not more in view, that each brought with it a new dynasty, namely: William the Conqueror, or the First of Saxon line; William the Second, called also, Rufus, or the Red-haired, Henry the First and Stephen. After the Saxon line, succeeded the Plantagenets, originated by Henry the Second; he greatly extended the dominions of the country, for he inherited from his mother, a great-daughter of William the Conqueror, the very province of Normandy. By regard portugeuse by francs hale.

Henry the Second was succeeded by Richard the First, the Lion-hearted, Crusader, Knight Templar, and the successors upon the English throne had a long line of Normandy, at last, by the death of Queen Anne, the sister of Mary, and daughter of James the Second, in 1707, was succeeded by George the Second, in 1727, who reigned more than thirty years, and next upon the throne came George the Third, who reigned sixty years, from 1760 to 1820. This George the Third was the monarch who lost the colonies of North America, and who was King seven years before the Revolution broke out, and for a long time. Altogether, there have been, I think, thirteen English sovereigns, without counting Mary, her husband, William, reigned nine years, and Queen Anne, who succeeded her, followed by Queen Anne, the sister of Mary, and daughter of James the Second, who

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1850.

SATURDAY EVENING POST
STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE,
No. 66 South Third Street, Phila.,
Where Books, Pamphlets, Hand Bills, Way Bills, Circulars, Bill Heads, Cards, Labels, &c., &c., are printed with dispatch, in the neatest manner, and on the most reasonable terms.
DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

FOREIGN NEWS.

By the arrival of the Pacific, we have dates from Liverpool to July 31. Cotton has again advanced ⅛d. to ¼d. per lb. Wheat and Indian corn are to lower. Wool active. Coffee firm.

The resolution allowing the admission of Rothschild as a member of the House of Commons, upon taking the oaths in the *Jewish* form (on the Old Testament alone,) was adopted by a large majority. Some difficulty arose on taking the oath which contains the words—"On the true faith of a Christian"—he declining to take it. The question had not been settled at the sailing of the Pacific.

The Danes and the Schleswig Holsteiners are at open war—the Danes were victorious in a late battle, one of the bloodiest of modern times the report being that 7,000 men were killed, wounded or missing. As it is feared the war will injure the English trade in the Baltic, it is supposed Great Britain will interfere in some way with the combatants.

Smith O'Brien is to be removed from Maria Island to Hobart Town, where he is to be kept in close confinement.

Our Indian correspondent, George Copway, is making speeches in Liverpool with "marked success." He is a delegate to the World's Peace Convention — representing his tribe. A progressive world this, where the Indian throws aside his tomahawk and rushes to the great council of peace.

The French are in as great a political turmoil as usual.

A SENSIBLE PATRIOT.

Gen. Garribaldi, declines a public reception in New York, with much good sense, and appreciation of our countrymen. It is not, as a general thing, the best class of citizens who take the lead in lionizing of great men. On the contrary, it is often the work of people who seek to shine by the reflection of another's celebrity. Garribaldi says:—

No such public exhibition is necessary to secure me of the sympathy of the American people, and of all true Republicans. I would rather be permitted, quietly and humbly, to become a citizen of this great Republic of Freemen, to sail under its flag, to engage in business to earn my livelihood, and await a more favorable opportunity for the redemption of my country from foreign and domestic oppressors.

THE CABINET.

We are gratified to perceive that President Fillmore has at last done justice to Pennsylvania, by appointing Mr. T. M. T. McKennon, of this State, to the Department of the Interior.

Mr. Conrad, of Louisiana, has been appointed Secretary of War. Mr. Conrad is said to be a man of moderate opinions and views, and a staunch Union man.

Icebergs.—A correspondent of the N. Y. Commercial, speaks of meeting long icebergs off the coast of Nova Scotia and Newfoundland, one of which was estimated to be from 600 to 800 feet high, with a surface of 150 to 200 acres; the whole computed thickness, 5,000 feet. Twenty-four others were counted of various dimensions. The mercury in the thermometer fell to 40 degrees. We wonder if the time will ever come, when icebergs will be floated down and anchored along our coast, to temper the excessive heats of our summers?

Board of Health.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city was 241—adults 70, and children 171.

Congressional News

der the protection of any lawful authority, and are to be regarded merely as intruders, and if within such State or Territory they obstruct any law of the United States, either by power of arms, or mere power of numbers constituting such an obstruction as is too powerful to be suppressed by the civil authority, the President of the United States has no option left to him, but is bound to obey the solemn injunction of the Constitution, and exercise the high powers vested in him by that instrument and by the Acts of Congress; or if any civil posse, armed or unarmed, enter into any Territory of the United States under the protection of the laws thereof, with intent to seize individuals to be carried elsewhere for trial or alleged offences, and this posse be too powerful to be resisted by the local and civil authority, such seizure or attempt to seize is to be prevented or resisted by the authority of the United States.

The grave and important question now arises, whether there be in the Territory of New Mexico any existing law of the United States, opposition to which or the obstruction of which would constitute a case calling for the interposition of the authority vested in the President? The Constitution of the United States declares that the Constitution and the laws of the United States, which shall be made in pursuance thereof, and all the treaties made or which shall be made under the authority of the United States, shall be the supreme law of the land. If, therefore, New Mexico be a territory of the United States, and if any treaty stipulation be in force therein, such treaty stipulation is the supreme law of the land, and is to be maintained and upheld accordingly.

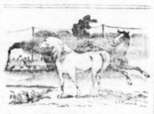
In the letter to the Governor of Texas, my reasons are given for believing that New Mexico is now a Territory of the United States, with the same extent and the same boundaries which belonged to it, while in the actual possession of the Republic of Mexico, and before the late war.

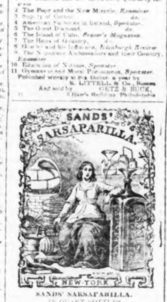
In the early part of that war both California and New Mexico were conquered by the arms of the United States, and were in the military possession of the United States at the date of the treaty of peace. By that treaty the title by conquest was confirmed, and these territories, provinces, or departments, separated from Mexico forever, and by the same treaty certain important rights and securities were solemnly guaranteed to the inhabitants residing therein. By the fifth article of the treaty it is declared that the boundary line between the two Republics shall commence in the Gulf of Mexico three leagues from the land, opposite the mouth of the Rio Grande, otherwise called the Rio Bravo Del Norte, or opposite the mouth of its deepest branch, if it should have more than one branch emptying directly into the sea, from thence up the middle of that river following the deepest channel, where it has more than one, to the point where it strikes the Southern boundary of New Mexico; thence Westwardly along the whole Southern boundary of New Mexico, which runs North of the town called Paseo, to its Western termination; thence Northward along the Western line of New Mexico until it intersects the first branch of the river Gila, or if it should not intersect any branch of that river, then to the point on the said line nearest to such branch, and thence in a direct line to the same; thence down the middle of the said branch, and of the said river, until it empties into the Rio Colorado; thence across the Rio Colorado, following the division line between Upper and Lower California to the Pacific Ocean.

The eighth article of the treaty is in the following terms—Mexicans now established in territories previously belonging to Mexico, and which remain for the future within the limits of the United States, defined by the present treaty, shall be free to continue where they now reside, or to remove at any time to the Mexican Republic, retaining the property which they possess in the said territories, or disposing thereof, and removing the proceeds wherever they please without their being subject on this account to any contribution, tax, or charge whatever. Those who shall prefer to remain in the said territories may either retain the title and rights of Mexican citizens or acquire those of citizens of the United States; but they shall be under obligation to make their election within one year from the date of the exchange of ratification of this treaty, and those who shall remain in the said territories after the expiration of that year, without having declared their intention to retain the character of Mexicans, shall be considered to have elected to become citizens of the United States. In the said territories property of every description now belonging to Mexicans not established there shall be inviolably respected—the present owners, the heirs of these, and all Mexicans who may hereafter acquire said property by contract, shall enjoy with respect to it guarantees equally ample, as if the same belonged to citizens of the United States.

The ninth article of the treaty is in these words:—The Mexicans who, in the Territories aforesaid, shall not preserve the character of citizens of the Mexican Republic, conformably with what is stipulated in the preceding article, shall be incorporated into the Union of the United States, and be admitted at the proper time, to be judged of by the Congress of the United States, to the enjoyment of all the rights of citizens, according to the principle of the Constitution, and in the meantime shall be maintained and protected in the free enjoyment of their liberty and property, and secured in the free exercise of their religion, without restriction.

General News.




SANDS' SARSAPARILLA.

THE
SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Only two of the promised Novelets for 1850 having yet been published, the Proprietors of the POST would call attention to the following, which are yet to come:—

THE BAYMOUNTS—A Novelet, by MISS LESLIE; author of "Mrs. Washington Potts," &c., &c.

SHANNONDALE; OR, THE NUN OF MOUNT CARMEL—A Novelet, by MRS. SOUTHWORTH, author of "Retribution," "The Deserted Wife," &c.

THE BELLE AND THE BLUE—A Novelet, by CAROLINE LEE HENTZ, author of "The Mob Cap," "Aunt Patty's Scrap Bag," &c.

When the above list has been gone through with, OTHERS EQUALLY ATTRACTIVE WILL FOLLOW, the Proprietors of the POST being determined not to be surpassed in this department by any cotemporary.

But the columns of the POST are not for fiction (however instructive and impressive) alone. We shall continue to devote a large portion of the paper to more

SOLID AND SUBSTANTIAL READING,

such as is calculated to improve the intellect, and to ennoble and purify the heart.—Whatever is best in the pages of the foreign and domestic magazines and reviews, shall be laid under contribution to inform and enlighten our readers.

THE NEWS OF THE DAY

shall also be, as heretofore, carefully sifted, and what is important treasured in our columns.

Matters of interest to business men—

A BANK NOTE LIST, A STOCK LIST, THE MARKETS, &C.,

shall be weekly laid before them.

For the *FARMER*, a dozen agricultural periodicals are carefully searched, and the best matter selected for

OUR AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT.

One or more *PORTRAITS* of remarkable persons, or *PICTURES OF REMARKABLE PLACES* are also weekly given.

In short, whatever is calculated to refine, instruct, amuse, or gratify, shall find its appropriate place in the POST; and let the reader mark one thing, whatever others may *promise*, we will not be behind in the *performance*. A paper that has stood for twenty-eight years, steadily progressing all that time, and which has now perhaps the *largest* list of subscribers of any weekly paper in the United States, is not to be left behind in the race by *any* rival. The *increase* alone of our subscription list last year, is equal to the *whole circulation* of many of our imitators.

TERMS.

The terms of the POST are $2 if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5 one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms for Clubs, to be sent, in the city, to one address, and, in the country, to one post-office.

4 COPIES,			$5.00	PER ANNUM.
8	"	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club.)	$10.00	"
13	"	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club.)	$15.00	"
20	"	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club.)	$20.00	"

Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club, end at one and the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

ONE COPY of the Saturday Evening Post, and ONE of either Graham's Magazine, Godey's Lady's Book, or Sartain's Magazine, for FOUR DOLLARS.

The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. Subscriptions may be sent at our risk. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount. Address, *always post-paid*,

DEACON & PETERSON, NO. 66 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

N. B.—Any person desirous of receiving a copy of the POST as a sample, can be accommodated by notifying the publishers by letter, *post-paid*.

NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

Selected Poetry.

SUNDAY EVENING.

How calmly smile the parting sun!
Yet twilight lingers still,
And, beautiful in absence of heaven,
It meditates on the hill.
Earth sleeps, with all her glorious things,
Beneath the Holy Spirit's wings;
And, entering the heart-like hush above,
Seems saving in a manner of love.

Round yonder rocks the forest trees
In obedient groups recline,
Like men with bowing heads in prayer
Around their holy shrine.
And through their leaves the night-winds blow
So mute and still—their music low,
Seems the mysterious voice of people
Self-echoed on the evening air

And yonder Western throng of clouds,
Reflecting from the sky,
So calmly move, so softly glow,
They seem to Fancy's eye,
Bright creatures of a better sphere
Come down in robes to worship here
And from their sacrifice of love
Returning to their home above.

The blue isles of the golden sea,
The night-star rising high,
The flowers that paint upon the breezes,
The bright streams singing by
Are living with Invisible—deep
On each and ear in glorious sleep,
And mingle with the mortal's heart
Like the soft light of parted stars.

The spirit of the deep now
Comes through the silent air
To freshen'd hills agreeing, all waken
A gush of music there!
And the full power of other hours
In passing felt, we almost dream
That we can rise and wander through
Their open parks of tearless bliss!

Each soul is filled with glorious dreams,
Each pulse is beating wild.
And thought is soaring to the shrine
Of grave unsoiled of time.
The tear
And holy aspirations start
Like living things from the heart.
And hand—for earth's dark ties are extinct—
Is open to the grim of heaven.

Choice Extracts.

SPORTING ADVENTURES.

[We take the following interesting series of sporting adventures, from a book recently published called "Hunting Adventures in South Africa."]

A GIRAFFE CHASE.

This day was to truly realize a memorable one, as the first on which I saw and slew the lofty, graceful-looking giraffe or camelopard, with which, during many years of my life, I had longed to form an acquaintance. These gigantic and exceedingly beautiful animals, which are admirably formed by nature to adorn the fair scenes that clothe the low-lands of our interior, are widely distributed throughout the interior of Southern Africa, but are nowhere to be met with in great numbers. In consequence, perhaps, of the extreme fleetness of foot, the giraffe is found generally in herds varying from twelve to sixteen; but I have not unfrequently met with herds containing thirty individuals, and on one occasion I counted forty together; this, however, was owing to chance, and about sixteen may be reckoned as the average number of a herd. These herds are composed of giraffes of various sizes, from the young giraffe of nine or ten feet in height, to the dark, chestnut-colored old bull of the herd, whose stately head is raised above his companions, generally attaining to a height of upward of eighteen feet. The females are of lower stature and more delicately formed than the males, their height averaging from sixteen to seventeen feet. Some writers have discovered ugliness and a want of grace in the giraffe, and, consequently, could be no more than a strangely beautiful animals in the creation; and when a herd of them is seen scattered through a grove of the graceful, parasol-topped acacias on which adorn their native plains, and on whose uppermost classic taste are enabled to detect in the colossal height with which nature has so admirably endowed them, a want of grace, indeed, a want of conception who fails to discover both grace and dignity in all their movements. I must confess to be denied that every animal is seen to the greatest advantage in the haunts which nature ordained him to adorn, and among the various living creatures which beautify that fair creation, I have often found a remarkable resemblance between the animal and the general appearance of the locality in which it is found. This fact first occurred at an early period of my life, when exclusively occupied a part of my attention. No person following the interesting pursuit could fail to observe the extraordinary likeness which exists between the various species of birds and the grass and bushes among which they are found to dwell. Thus, among the long grass which covers the level country of many districts, whose legs and antennæ so resemble the stems remaining from the stalks of the grass that it requires a keen eye to distinguish the insect. Throughout many districts varieties of insects not the various tints of the herbage on which they inhabit. Among the great tenants of the various trees of the bushveld countries, lead-colored insects are to be found; while, chiefly adhering to the rough gray bark of these trees, others, whose beautifully colored wings, gray-looking moths of various patterns, yet all. Together so resembling the bark as to be invisible to the passing observer. In like manner among giraffes I have found a corresponding analogy, for, even in the case of the stupendous elephant, the same general appearance of the gray tawny jungles which he frequents throughout the day, that a person unaccustomed to hunting explains, standing on a commanding situation, might look down on a herd and fail to detect their presence. And further, in the case of the giraffe, feeding among the tops of the high vegetable forests, where innumerable limited and weather-beaten trunks and stems occur, I have repeatedly been puzzled as to the presence of a troop of them until I had recourse to my spy-glass; and on discovering their forms to my eager astonishment, I have known even then sphere of the, of their movements, to be considerably mistaken for camelopards, and again confounding real camelopards with these aged veterans of the forest.

Although we had now been traversing many days through the country of the giraffe, and had marched through forests in which their spoor was abundant, and had not yet been gladdened with a sight of "Tootle" himself, it was therefore with indescribable pleasure that, on the evening of the fifth, I beheld a troop of these interesting animals.

The breakfast hour passed, I reached my journey through an ombine gray forest of extensively level trees, however, I was still unsuccessful and grass abundant. A little before the sun was within my sister commanding me—I was just going to say, sir, that that old tree was a camelopard." On looking where he pointed, I saw that it was indeed a camelopard, and, on casting my eyes a little to the right, I beheld a troop of these animals. Looking at us, their heads actively tattering above the trees of the forest, were immediately commence a chase at such a late hour, especially on a country of so level a character, where the animals can generally see a long while in open ground. Nevertheless, I determined to make an effort, and, leaving their long tails over their backs, making a loud scrambling noise with them, and clattering their ivory pegs, which, however, obliged Colesberg to put his best foot forward in order to keep them.

The monotone word, I fell on the occasion more difficult and fatiguing than I had ever experienced during a long sporting career. My senses were so absorbed by the wondrous and peculiar sight before me, that I could scarcely use entirely, and felt inclined to dislocate the two hundred-weight things of my head. The wonderful form and formation of the animal, the very grotesque gallop of the giraffe, the graceful bend of the neck, the peculiar and extraordinary motion of the tail—to which latter I was foolishly longing for a specimen—all combined to form a picture of the most interesting description.

The troop, finding the ground too bad for them to gallop over, had suddenly brought their march to a trot; and, as I was now within a few hundred yards of the rearmost, I determined to make an effort to close with them. I therefore pushed my horse to the top of his speed, and, as I approached the troop, they, in their turn, broke into a gallop, which they kept up for about a mile, and made a second spring, throwing himself forward about eight or ten yards, and snapping his jaws—large white teeth—at my naked legs. I sprang out of his way, galloping on each side of the troop, and succeeded in the charge. The snake now glided away at his top speed, and I, thinking that he was making for a mass of broken rocks, where he would have been beyond my reach, had no time to lose, but, getting on at full speed, I rode close to him, and, leaning forward, I struck him on the back with my whip. The serpent then, finding that he could not escape, turned round, and, raising his head about two feet from the ground, darted at me with the most astonishing velocity. I was, however, prepared for this, and, leaning forward, I struck him on the head. He, however, held on, and passed upward in the largest dimensions, and he, I could get out of the way, I was thrown out of his folds